



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

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FRANK'S STORY.

His Residence in Nashville and in Louisville, and his fun With Bligh.

FULL ACCOUNT OF HIS SURRENDER.

Louisville Post.

Frank James, in telling his own story, claimed first that he meant to reform and become a law-abiding resident of Missouri. He said that for twenty-one years he had been outlawed and hunted from state to state like a wild animal. He had learned to suspect his dearest friends, and day and night it was a constant watch with him. In August, 1877, he went to Nashville with his wife in the character of an emigrant. He went under the name of B. J. Woodson. He soon effected the rental of a piece of land from Josiah Walton, on White creek, a few miles from Nashville. For a year he worked ten hours a day on this farm. Then he engaged to a team for a year for the Indiana Lumber Company, on Jeff Hyde's place, driving a four-mule team and taking his meals in the woods with darkies. His boss was T. J. Jefferson, of Ohio, and Frank, like his boss, was a Republican. At the end of this year he rented a farm from Felix Smith, on White Creek, eight miles from Nashville. He remained there till April, 1881. Among his intimate friends there were Charles Eastman, county clerk; J. W. Shute, member of the legislature; Dr. Jordan, Dr. Manlove, Dr. Wm. Hamilton, Sheriff Tim Johnson, Rev. D. Wall, Clint Cantwell, Wm. Bryan, Jr., and others. He said these men would be greatly amazed to hear now that he was Frank James in disguise. The only trouble he ever had there was with a man who took him for a Yankee. It ended in a friendship between the two. He was intimate with detectives Fletcher, Horn and Watson, of Nashville, who little dreamed who he was. He accidentally met his brother Jesse in Nashville. He found that Jesse was living near Waverly, Humphreys county, West Tennessee. Jesse was farming and much interested in horses. A year and a half after Jesse moved to North Nashville. Jesse owned the horse Jim Malone at the time. In the fall of 1880, Dick Liddel and Jim Cummings found the James boys in Nashville. Frank does know where either is now. "One day Jim ran away, and fearing he was going to give them up they got under arms. It turned out that Jim got frightened by his surroundings and simply ran away for better security. Just as the boys had got settled once more Jack Ryan was arrested in the neighborhood and taken to Missouri. This broke up the homes of the brothers and they once more became wanderers. He claimed that during their residence near Nashville no one knew their identity.

FRANK IN LOUISVILLE.

We reproduce Frank's very comical account of his experiences in Louisville, and his experience with one of our detectives. He says:

"Do you remember the sensation of a little over a year ago when Captain Bligh, of Louisville, endeavored to trap you near Bloomfield, Ky., by a decoy pay train?"

"Yes, I read the Republican's article on that, it being copied in Courier-Journal. I laughed a good deal over it, especially over the pay train scheme. The article, if I remember right, was not published until about three months after the attempt was made. I can't determine just where I was on the date of Bligh's ingenious enterprise. It is not improbable I was in Louisville, however, as I certainly was not down in the woods hunting for a pay train. You might remark in this immediate connection that if Captain Bligh will go to Rufer's Hotel and examine the register between the dates of the 10th and the 15th of last October he will find that Fred. Thorn, of Virginia, stayed there over night. I was in the city a week that time, but arrived there late at night, and not caring to wake up my friends I put up at

Rufer's till morning. To tell you the truth I never entertained any fear of capture by the detectives. Now I knew that George Hunter was working all the time to get a chance to bag us, and when that negro was killed in the woods down there, and Hunter and Larry Hagen made that midnight raid on a hut in the hope of capturing some of us, I was not surprised. I felt certain that the killing of the negro would be charged to us, although I was the only man in that section, so far as I know, and I was not within a hundred miles of the place. Being aware that Hunter was on the *qui vive* I felt confident that some place or other would be raided soon, just for the chances of finding somebody. It is a practice of mine, when I am being hunted for, to sit down and figure what course the detectives will take in their search, and then I take the other one. I have never to my knowledge misjudged them in my guesses. No, the only danger we had to apprehend was from give-aways or traitors in our households."

"By the way, what was the true story about George Shepherd's pretended killing of Jesse some years ago?"

"I am sure I

DON'T KNOW THE DETAILS.

All I know is that it was a great hoax. Jesse was down at Nashville at the time and my wife read him a telegraphic account of it from the newspapers the morning after it occurred. We laughed a good deal over it, but never learned what it all meant. George Shepherd, by the way, is entitled to distinction as being the only outlaw Detective Bligh ever caught. George, you know, has only one eye, and Bligh came in on his blind side and nabbed him."

The prisoner in further conversation said that in no case did the publications place the locality of the boys correctly. While in Denison, Texas, once he was put down for a train robbery in Muncie, Ks. He said they never spent their time in lonesome, retired places, but mostly in cities. They never wore disguises and traveled mostly by rail. He carried usually two large Remingtons and a Winchester rifle. He said he was a good shot with pistol or rifle. He finally declared himself to be without means, and if allowed desired to go to farming. He has a wife and little son.

THE SURRENDER.

The story of the surrender is thus graphically told by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"It having become known throughout the capitol building shortly before 5 o'clock that Frank James would at that hour put in an appearance and surrender himself, the heads of the departments and their clerks, with others who were in and about the building, assembled in the executive office to await the arrival of the noted outlaw. Among those present beside the governor were Judge Henry, of the Supreme Court; Phil. E. Chappell, State treasurer; John Walker, State auditor; Adjutant Gen. Waddell, Major T. O. Towles and others, besides the representatives of the press.

The hands of the clock on the south wall of the office were close upon the hour of 5 when the expectant ears of those present heard the sound of footsteps entering the rotunda of the building. A moment later the well-known form of Major John W. Edwards appeared in the open doorway. As he advanced into the room he was followed by a man nearly six feet in height, of slender, neat and trim build, who walked erect, and with a quiet, easy and self-possessed gait, to the middle of the room. Stopping in front of the governor, Major Edwards said:

"Governor and gentlemen, this is Frank James. He is here to give himself up." This brief introduction brought face to face the executive of Missouri and the noted outlaw, whose name has been a terror in this state and is familiar throughout our land, if not the whole world. It was a scene without a precedent in the annals of the state, and to all present was intensely interesting and dramatic. To all

appearances Frank James was the coolest and least moved man in the room. While Major Edwards was introducing him his countenance was as quiet and calm in its expression as if the business in hand were no concern of his. He advanced a step toward the governor, and by a dexterous movement unbuckled a belt from around his lithe body and, holding it toward the governor, said:

"Governor, I am Frank James. I surrender my arms to you. I have removed the loads from them; they are not loaded. They have not been out of my possession since 1864. No other man has ever used them since then. I now give them to you personally. I deliver myself to you and the law."

Governor Crittenden received the proffered belt, pistol and cartridges, and with characteristic courtesy requested Frank James to be seated, saying that he was very glad to meet him, particularly in this manner.

Frank James answered that he had come in and surrendered himself because he desired to do as he had done for years—that is, live the life of a law-abiding citizen. He hoped to be able to prove that he was not so bad as he had been painted. Although he had been living the life of a quiet, orderly and law-abiding citizen for four years he well knew that everything criminal that had been committed of late years had been credited to him. To the governor he said, with more earnestness in his tone than he had hitherto shown. "If some one were to assassinate you, although I might be able to prove myself entirely innocent, I would not be able to convince people that I was guiltless of the crime. They have been in the habit of attributing all manner of crimes to me, and are ready to believe anything they hear."

Reference being made to the time he had been to the State, Frank James said he had not been in Missouri for over a year previous to the Sunday, September 24, when he reached St. Louis.

Governor Crittenden said: "I have received over half a bushel of letters from you, or from those professing to be you. I have received them from not only three or four different men on the same day, but from several different States."

"Yes," answered the outlaw; "this proves that any crime, no matter by whom committed, is likely to be laid to me. I have surrendered because I wished this to end, and to prove, as I can that for four years I have been a law-abiding citizen, and that I have been painted blacker than I am. I do it for my wife and child's sake. I am in your hands, to do with me as you see best."

Indeed, no one would take the quiet, calm man, with the wide, open and frank looking eyes, for the outlaw who had held sway over Missouri for so long. His clear complexion indicated habits of temperance and there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his frame. He showed himself to be a man who could patiently undergo great hardship, while his eyes, though in no wise, restless, saw and closely observed everything about him. They may or may not have noticed a pile of papers near the wall, back of the door through which he had entered. Those were the remaining copies, printed posters, of the famous proclamation issued by the governor last year, offering rewards for the capture and conviction of Frank and Jesse James. His letter above published, which Governor Crittenden had taken from the safe and given your correspondent to copy but a few moments before Major Edwards and himself arrived, was handed about among those present and read with interest. It was not long before the news of Frank James surrender spread to every part of the city. It created more excitement than anything that has taken place here for many years, and a stream of curious people set toward the McCarty House, where, until nearly 11 o'clock, the great surrendered held a levee. Even from the "Kingdom of Calaway" there came a delegation, all solid for Frank James, and considering it an honor to be allowed to take him by the hand.